

Good Morning

182

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

THERE'S SOMETHING COOKING,

A. B. CYRIL BROOKING



SEE this? Well, it's a cake in the making for you by Kathleen Short, of Sunningdale Avenue, Walker-on-Tyne.

She was hard at work on a Sunday afternoon when the "Good Morning" photographer called. In fact, she was making some cheese scones, too! They looked really good.

By the time you get this piece of cake, Cyril, Kathleen says it may be a bit stale.

Anyway, she sends her love and kisses, with a smiling word, in a smiling way . . . "Keep smiling."

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT PUBS?

THERE'S a Tavern in the Town. But is it an hotel or an inn? What is your nearest pub at home—an inn or an hotel? And where does a "tavern" come in?

Inns are licensed premises, and usually embrace taverns and hotels. An hotel is not necessarily licensed; most, however, are, and the term generally means licensed premises with more facilities for accommodating guests than are offered by the ordinary inn.

All the same, there is many an inn that can sleep a number of people. And to these the full licensing laws apply.

An inn is, for a start, defined as a house for the reception and accommodation of travellers (the word being used in its widest sense). The innkeeper is legally bound to furnish reasonable lodging and refreshment to any lawful traveller who demands it, and is willing to pay for it.

Asks John Fleetwood

He is not obliged to admit any person who is not a traveller, or, of course, if the inn is full. Even a traveller may be refused admission if he is "in a state unfit to be received."



CALL BOY BRINGS A MESSAGE FROM GEORGE FORMBY

"THIS is the proudest moment of my life," declared George Formby, when he spoke at the end of the show at Reggio. "I am glad and honoured to be the first British artist to play to you fighting lads in Italy. You've gone a long way and I've had a bit of rushing to catch you up."

George Formby and his wife, Beryl, played from a raised platform in a public garden used by the Italians for band performances and other open-air shows. Palms and olive trees fringed the auditorium, and some soldiers had a grandstand view sitting on top of heavy wagons.

At the end of the performance the Service audience stood to attention and sang the National Anthem. It was an impressive rendering, for most of the men realised that it was probably the first time it had been sung in Italy since 1939.

"Mussolini never thought the Italians would hear that on their own soil," was George Formby's remark after the show. Both artistes gave a performance in Sicily before crossing to the mainland, and they intend to go north to entertain the forward troops.

"2,000 WOMEN."

MAURICE OSTRER tells me that Gainsborough Pictures commence production this week on "2,000 Women."

"2,000 Women," with Frank Launder directing and Edward Black as producer, has France for its background, with action centred on a huge internment camp for British women, lodged in a former spa. Original story and screen play are by Launder, who built his subject on newspaper reports of the infamous German-controlled internment centre at Vittel, France.

Phyllis Calvert, Flora Robson, Patricia Roc and Renee Houston as British internees head the cast. It will be Miss Robson's first British film role since returning from America.

James McKechnie, remembered as the young officer who arrests Candy in the baths in "Colonel Blimp," plays a British airman who is shot down in France, rescued, hidden and sent on his way to safety by the girls of the internment camp.

Many women who have escaped to England from France, have provided Frank Launder with first-hand information on life as internees under German rule. One of them, Edith Nicholson, is

working with Launder as technical adviser during production.

BASKET OF BEAUTY.

PAT KIRKWOOD and George Scott Wood are joining an E.N.S.A. Variety Unit and will tour military locations in England for six weeks. Pat Kirkwood takes with her "Oh, Johnny," the song that made her a star overnight in "Black Velvet"; the current song hit, "Murder He Says"; the new Judy Garland song from "Presenting Lily Mars," "When I Look At You"; and a basketful of her prettiest evening dresses.

It's Nice Under Pat Kirkwood's Jolly Roger



MUSICAL MED.

EXTENSIVE plans to send the world's greatest musicians to the Mediterranean war zone and to the fighting lines are being prepared by E.N.S.A.

Solomon, the world-famous pianist, is the first artist to volunteer. He leaves England shortly on a tour of Malta, Gibraltar, Sicily, North Africa, and those parts of Italy occupied by Allied troops. Normally fastidious about his pianos, he is, on this trip, prepared to play an anything—even a canteen piano.

"I want to bring good music to as many as care to listen to

THE FIRST BRITISH ARTIST INTO ITALY

it, and that is why I am prepared to play on any piano that the troops can provide, even one out of tune, and why I want to go as near as possible to the fighting lines," says Solomon.

Solomon also plans to play with the Palestine Orchestra in Egypt, and to give a recital in the Opera House at Palermo, in Sicily, the second-largest opera house in Europe.

NINE NEW FILMS.

NINE pictures are now before M.G.M. cameras. They include:—

"White Cliffs of Dover," starring Irene Dunne, with Alan Marshal, Frank Morgan, Roddy McDowall, Gladys Cooper, C. Aubrey Smith and Dame May Whitty, produced by Sidney Franklin and directed by Clarence Brown.

"A Guy Named Joe," starring Spencer Tracy, Irene Dunne and Lionel Barrymore, produced by Everett Riskin and directed by Victor Fleming.

"The Heavenly Body," starring William Powell and Hedy Lamarr, with Fay Bainter, Spring Byington and Connie Gilchrist, produced by Arthur Hornblow, Jr., and directed by Alexander Hall.

"America," in Technicolour, starring Brian Donlevy, with Ann Richards, J. M. Kerrigan, John Qualen, Kay Medford, Charles Irwin, produced and directed by King Vidor.

"Meet The People," starring Lucille Ball and Dick Powell, with Virginia O'Brien and Bert Lahr. E. Y. Harburg is producing, with Charles Riesner as director.

"Broadway Rhythm," in Technicolour, with George Murphy, Ginny Simms, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson, Charles Winninger and Lena Horne. Roy Del Ruth is directing, with Jack Cummings as producer.

"See Here, Private Hargrave," with Robert Walker, Donna Reed, Chill Wills and Keenan Wynn, produced by George Haight and directed by Wesley Ruggles.

"Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble," starring Mickey Rooney, with Hardy Family regulars, Lewis Stone, Fay Holden, Sara Haden and Herbert Marshall and Bonita Granville as guest stars. George Seitz is directing.

"Rationing," starring Wallace Beery with Marjorie Main. Willis Goldbeck is directing, with Orville O. Dull as producer.

out quite nicely until the Performing Rights Society took a hand. Its inspectors go to pubs and other social centres to see what public music is being played without the necessary licence.

In the George IV at Poplar recently a customer was playing "The Rose of Tralee," and, very properly, the society demanded a share of the innkeeper's profits for the composer.

In the Green Man, in Edgware-road, the licensee must dispense eye-lotion free with the beer. People from all over Britain, and many foreigners, go there to see if the yarn about the pub that gives away eye-lotion is just "eyewash." The healing fluid comes from a remarkable well on the premises, and is said to be definitely beneficial.

ON TAP.

It saves a lot of bother to be able to turn on a tap in the bedroom and help yourself to beer as you please. They do it in a hotel in Copenhagen. A device like an electric meter measures the amount of beer you draw.

The term "tavern" is an old one. It covered hostleries, and as these, since the disappearance of carriages, do not technically exist, the word has come to be used as an alternative to inn. Popularly, it is a place where people drink; and city licensing laws on this question of alcoholic liquor are about as full of anomalies as the sea is salt.

Did you know that in London, if you feel so inclined, you can drink the clock round on public premises, and still be within the law?

There are a dozen loopholes in the drink statutes for the thirsty night-bird.

The sale of drinks on licensed premises is restricted to eight hours a day outside the metropolitan area, but to nine inside. After the Holborn and West London pubs close, at 11 p.m., it is an easy matter to get a drink if you or a friend are residing in a club or other licensed premises. And any "off-licence" establishment (including public-houses) can supply and deliver drinks during restricted hours for consumption off the premises.

There are several licensed restaurants with weekly extension nights where you can get drinks, with a meal, up to 2 a.m.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"If by closing time," says a friendly notice in a cosy Cobham pub, "you have not had enough, in my humble opinion you have not tried." It was proprietor Jack who told me that friends of a licensee, seemingly entertained by him at his own expense, can drink at any time.

If you're still thirsty by the time the small hours come round, there are pubs in the market districts of Smithfield, Billingsgate, Covent Garden, which open at five in the morning. Actually, only those who work in the markets are legally entitled to drink in these inns, but there are simple ways of qualifying for the privilege.

When the market inns close at mid-morning, you can go along to one of the inns near the Caledonian Market, due to open at 10 a.m. on Tuesdays and Fridays for a ten-hour session.

His business life is a bit of a worry for the publican. He can commit a dozen offences inside an hour. He sells drink, but must not permit drunkenness. He must give full measure, but not over-measure. He provides games, but must prohibit gaming. He may not play his own piano, nor, for that matter, may any of his employees. It may be played only by customers for their own pleasure.

In practice this used to work

Continuing "The Chief Mourner of Marne" "IT WAS A FAIR FIGHT"

QUIZ for today

1. A whip-poor-will is a college yell, bird, insect, wild flower, young trout?
2. Who wrote (a) The Country House, (b) The Country of the Blind?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Paris, London, Berlin, Helsinki, Birmingham, Brussels.
4. What names do A. P. Herbert's initials stand for?
5. Who said, "To thine own self be true"?
6. What is the length of the River Thames?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Pantehnicon, Parallel, Myosotis, Cassara, Tam-bourine, Phlegmatic.
8. Who won the Boat Race in 1940?
9. Who was Man Friday?
10. Correct, "Helping when we meet them, tame dogs over stiles." Who wrote it?
11. Who invented the "Greetings" telegram?
12. Complete the following common phrases: (a) Faith, —, and —, (b) Jam to-morrow, —, but —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 181

1. German nobleman.
2. (a) E. A. Poe, (b) Brown-ing.
3. Vertigo is giddiness; the others are dances.
4. Winton.
5. Kipling.
6. About 36 m.p.h.
7. Reticule, Galleon.
8. Chinese (Mandarin), by 400,000,000.
9. Character in "David Copperfield."
10. "Marriage bell." Byron.
11. 1914.
12. (a) Ale; (b) Green peas.

YARMOUTH
WORTHING
PENZANCE
WEYMOUTH
NEWHAVEN
HASTINGS
BRIGHTON
FALMOUTH

Solution to Puzzle in No. 181

JANE

YOUNG Mallow, when he left that rather dismal picnic, took himself thoughtfully in search of a friend. He did not know any monks, but he knew one priest, whom he was very much concerned to confront with the curious revelations he had heard that afternoon.

He found his friend Father Brown in the house of another friend, and poured out the whole tragedy of the house of Marne as he had heard it from the General's wife, along with most of the comments of the General—and the indignation of the newspaper proprietor. A new atmosphere of attention seemed to be created with the mention of the newspaper proprietor.

There came into Father Brown's grey eyes a certain expression that has been seen in the eyes of many men in many centuries through the story of nineteen hundred years; something of that anxious and far-reaching look is found in the eyes of sailors and of those who have steered through so many storms the ship of St. Peter.

"It's very good of you to tell me this," he said. "For we may have to do something about it. If it were only people like you and the General it would remain a private matter; but with Sir John Cockspur and his newspaper—"

"What will you do?" asked Mallow anxiously.

"For a start," said Father Brown, "it doesn't sound like life. Suppose I am a pessimistic vampire. Suppose we sort of people do destroy all human and family ties. Why should we entangle a man again in an old family tie just when he showed signs of getting loose from it? I should like to talk to that General of yours."

"It was his wife who told me," said Mallow.

"Yes," replied the other, "but I'm more interested in what he did not tell you than in what she did."

"You think he knows more than she does?"

"I think he knows more than she says," answered Father Brown. "You tell me he used a phrase about forgiving everything except the rudeness to his wife. After all, what else was there to forgive?"

Father Brown rose, picked up his shapeless umbrella and large shabby hat, and went stumping into the street. He plodded to the West End, knocked at a fashionable house, and asked to see General Outram. After some little palaver he was shown into a study, where the bald-headed, black-whiskered Anglo-Indian sat smoking a long, thin, black cigar.

"I'm sorry to intrude," said the priest, "and all the more because I can't help the intrusion looking like interference. I want to speak to you about a private matter, but only in the hope of keeping it private. Unfortunately, some people are likely to make it public. I

think you know Sir John Cockspur?"

"Everybody knows him," answered the General. "I don't know him very well."

"Well, you know everybody knows whatever he knows," said Father Brown, smiling—"when he thinks it convenient to print it. And I understand from my friend Mr. Mallow that Sir John is going to print some scorching anti-clerical articles founded on what he would call the Marne Mystery. 'Monks Drive Marquis Mad'—and so on."

"If he is," replied the General, "I don't see why you should come to me. I ought to tell you I'm a very strong Protestant."

"I'm very fond of strong Protestants," said Father Brown. "I came to you because I was sure you would tell the truth."

"General," added Father Brown, "suppose Cockspur and his sort were going to make the world ring with tales against your country and your flag. Suppose he said your regiment ran away in battle and your staff were in the enemy's pay. Would you let anything stand between yourself and the facts? Would you not get on the track of the truth?"

The soldier was silent, and the priest continued:

"I have heard the story Mallow was told yesterday, about Marne retiring with a broken heart through the death of his more than brother. I am sure there was more in it than that."

"I cannot tell you anything," said the General shortly.

"General," said Father Brown with a broad grin, "you would have called me a Jesuit if I had used that equivocation."

The soldier laughed gruffly, and then growled with much greater hostility.

"Well, I won't tell you, then," he said. "What do you say to that?"

"I only say," said the priest mildly, "that in that case I shall have to tell you."

The General watched the priest carefully.

"First," said Father Brown, "it was stated that James Mair was engaged to be married, but somehow became unattached after the death of Maurice Mair. Why should an honourable man break off his engagement merely because he was depressed by the death of a third party?"

"A second point," said Father Brown, frowning at the table. "James Mair was always asking whether his cousin Maurice was not very fascinating and whether women would not admire him. It occurs to me that there might be another meaning to that inquiry."

The General got to his feet and began to walk or stamp about the room.

"Oh, damn it all," he said,

but without any air of animosity.

"The third point," went on Father Brown, "is James Mair's curious manner of mourning—destroying all relics, veiling all portraits, and so on. It might mean mere affectionate bereavement. But it might mean something else."

"Confound you," said the other, "how long are you going on piling this up?"

"The fourth and fifth points are pretty conclusive," said the priest calmly, "especially if you take them together. The first is that Maurice Mair seems to have had no funeral in particular, considering he was a cadet of a great family. He must have been buried hurriedly, perhaps secretly. And the last point is that James Mair instantly disappeared to foreign parts; fled, in fact, to the ends of the earth."

"And so," he went on in the same soft voice, "when you would blacken my religion to brighten the story of the pure and perfect affection of two brothers, it seems—"

"Stop!" cried Outram in a tone like a pistol shot. "I must tell you more or you will fancy worse. Let me tell you one thing to start with. It was a fair fight."

"Ah," said Father Brown, and seemed to exhale a huge breath.

(To be continued)

FROM
"THE SECRET
OF FATHER
BROWN"
By
Permission of
the Executrix of
Mrs. G. K.
CHESTERTON

ODD CORNER

When Mrs. Louisa Crawford wrote the popular song, "Kathleen Mavourneen," she deliberately introduced the awkward second line, "The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill," in order to confuse what she called "Cockney warblers," whose habit of dropping aitches always irritated her. Tom Moore laid a similar trap in his poem, "The Woodpecker," where he wrote, "A heart that is humble might hope for it here."

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



A quail family, of course. But what would you call a group of quails—a Cast, Stand, Bevy, Fall, or a Flight? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 181: Joan Crawford.

FRENCH TOWNS

1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36

When you have filled in the missing words according to the clues, you will find that the words across will give you the names of some well-known French towns. The clues are as follows: 35-27-12-29, Jimmy Durante is famous for this. 30-4-22-25-34 is sometimes used for writing on. 17-31-16-18-26 is very valuable in wartime. 24-33-13-11 is the edge or border. 23-10 is opposite to out. 7-21-2-3 means to hit. 26-20-28 is to speak. 19-5-14-6, a piece of metal stamped as money. 8-32-15-9 is so let it be.

Send your—

Stories, Jokes
and ideas
to the Editor

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11				
12				13			14	
15				16		17		
		18		19		20		
21	22	23		24		25		26
28			29		30		31	
32				33		34		
35					36			37
		38					39	
40					41			

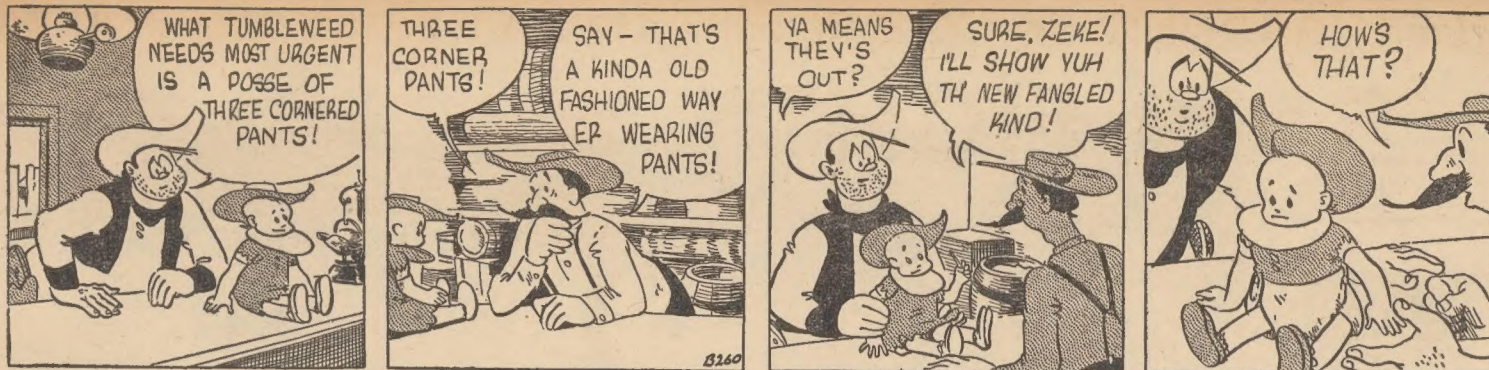
- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1 Esteems.
 - 10 Trunk.
 - 11 Curve.
 - 12 Hit hard.
 - 13 Joined at right angles.
 - 15 Precious stone.
 - 17 Appears.
 - 18 Tennis shot.
 - 20 Fish.
 - 21 Reptile.
 - 24 Roar.
 - 26 Trite.
 - 28 Bivalve.
 - 30 Classes.
 - 32 Beginners.
 - 34 Bays.
 - 35 Was over-fond of.
 - 37 Really.
 - 38 Scoffs at.
 - 40 Riddles.
 - 41 Moved beyond.

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Taking away.
 - 2 Outdoor game.
 - 3 Strike water without splash.
 - 4 Magnificent.
 - 5 Wheel projection.
 - 6 Flag.
 - 7 Behave.
 - 8 Menace.
 - 9 Soap froth.
 - 14 Suspension.
 - 16 Place for animals.
 - 19 Hang loosely.
 - 22 Slithered.
 - 23 Burlesque.
 - 25 Pale green.
 - 27 Cut deeply.
 - 29 Furry animals.
 - 31 Root knobs.
 - 33 Male title.
 - 36 Sharp sound.
 - 39 Steamer.

BLAB BESTIR
AURORA PANE
FLOW ADEPTS
FLUID INSET
L SEIZED N
ERE LIT ADO
U PAPERS P
SNOUT DELVE
INURED LOIN
NESS ELAPSE
SLEEVE YEAR



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Clubs and their Players—No. 8

By JOHN ALLEN

STOKE CITY

"GIVE me a good youngster with plenty of enthusiasm, and a couple of years to coach him, and I reckon to be able to make him into a good footballer."

Bob McGrory, manager of Stoke City, once said this to me, and when one looks carefully into the list of players he has developed, the wisdom of his system can the better be appreciated.

Two of Bob McGrory's greatest stars are Stanley Matthews, "The Wizard of Sock," as I've heard him called, and Freddie Steele, the international centre-forward. Both are local lads.

Matthews, son of a former boxing champion, is considered the most wonderful footballer in the world to-day. He can make a football do everything but speak, and Stoke, if they were offered a £25,000 fee for him, would not, in my opinion, transfer Stan.

The local fans would have something to say about it. Just before the war, when a rumour went around Stoke that Stan was to be transferred, there was a mass demonstration to prevent the deal going through!

When Matthews left his job as Stoke's office boy he was followed by Freddie Steele. He was an inside-right. One day, during a practice match, Bob McGrory decided to try Steele at centre-forward.

"Would you like to try leading the attack, Freddie?" he asked the player.

"Not much," said Steele, "but I'll have a try."

GOAL-SCORER.

In the practice match Steele scored three, and was selected to lead the reserve attack.

He scored another hat-trick, and was promoted to the League side.

He scored a brilliant goal, and had two others disallowed for off-side. Next week he scored four! Now he's a famous England player.

Stoke City, like so many other League sides, were formed from a works organisation. It was in 1863 that apprentices attached to the North Staffordshire Railway Works organised Stoke F.C.

Slowly but surely professionalism began to enter football, so Stoke, with other local clubs, took the plunge. And their players received the "handsome" salary of half-a-crown a match!

By some method, Tom Clare, the right-back, and Walt Rowley, the goalkeeper, learned that one member of the team was receiving five shillings a week. This did not suit Clare and Rowley, so they went along and had an interview with the club's manager, threatening to take the whole team out on strike unless the wages were raised to five shillings a week.

The players won and received their "rise." Clare and Rowley later won England caps.

In those early days Stoke players had many a laugh. One of the biggest was given them by the rather frail "grandstand." On one occasion a fan, leaping to his feet, began to threaten the referee. This proved more than the stand could stand. Part of it collapsed, and the shouting fan just disappeared!

When repairs had taken place, a notice was posted on the stand asking spectators not to get excited lest the grandstand again collapsed!

Among the ace players to star with Stoke was the late Dick Roose. An amateur in every sense of the word, and a great fellow, he had a habit of training by himself in a special corner of the field. And he actually wore elastic knee-bands without knowing why!

During one match a Stoke full-back, trying to kick the ball over his own head, caught it with the end of his toe—and it flew like a bullet past Roose into the net.

"That's one even General Booth wouldn't have saved," grunted Roose, as he ruefully picked the ball out of the goal!

KIDDING THE GUARD.

On another occasion, when travelling to an away match with the Stoke team, he called the guard of the train just as they were about to leave the station, and said that there were a couple of men who were travelling on the train without a ticket.

The guard and his assistant went right through the train and checked everyone. Rather red, he returned to Roose and said, "The train's now late, sir—and everyone has a ticket."

"Including yourself and the engine driver?" asked Roose. For the rest of the journey he hid himself from the infuriated guard.

To-day, Manager Bob McGrory sees the fruit of his careful planning. Unfortunately, the war has absorbed many of his players. Matthews has been playing for Blackpool; Steele has assisted several sides, and Peppitt, Mould, and other Stoke stars, have worn Millwall's blue shirt.

But beneath it all is a love for Stoke City and for Bob McGrory.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

This England

A spot of fishing on the Thames at Marlow. Afraid our nearest to fishing there was when we sojourned at "The Compleat Angler," just by the weir. Happy memories.



"Maybe I'll grow up to be a big dog whether I want to or not, but I'm not forgoing my puppy biscuits before I HAVE to. I'll reduce my weight slightly."



"Blimey. You might have throat irritation, but I've got rheumatism in my arms, plus a pain in the neck."



She's hit front pages of "Good Morning" many times. Now Windmill show girl, Peggy, promises to hit the headlines in filmdom.



"I've told her I go horse-riding every morning, so I simply MUST make her think you are real."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Give him a throat 'drop.'"

